

WITH SUPPLEMENT: PUCK'S SUMMER GIRL.

VOL. LVI. No. 1433.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, August 17th, 1904.  
Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



Mid Summer Number

# **WILSON WHISKEY**

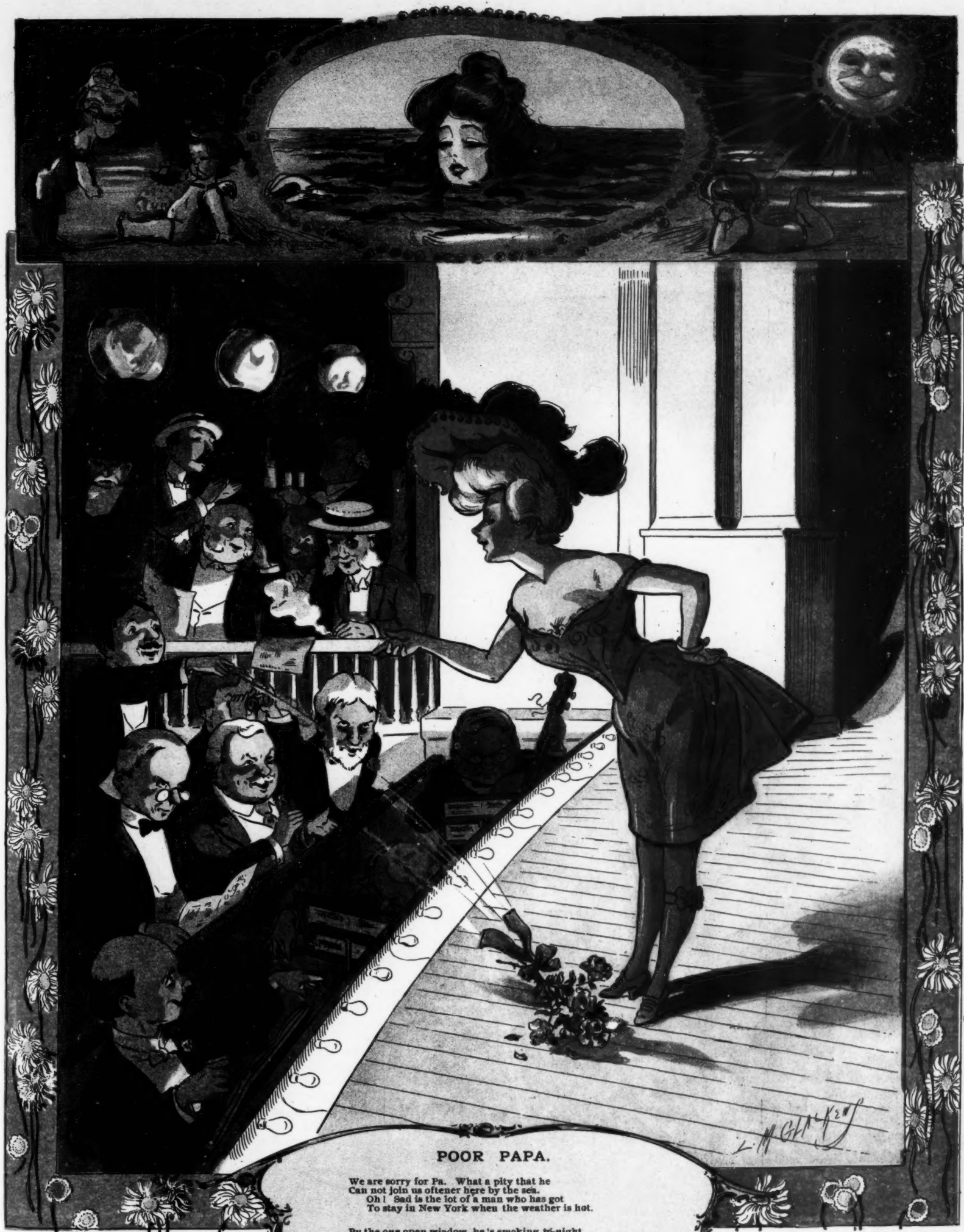
**That's All!**











# POOR PAPA.

We are sorry for Pa. What a pity that he  
 Can not join us oftener here by the sea.  
 Oh! Sad is the lot of a man who has got  
 To stay in New York when the weather is hot.

By the one open window, he's smoking to-night,  
 While the darkened rooms 'round him are fastened up tight.  
 Oh! Pipe and cigar, what a solace you are  
 To men who in summer are lonely, like Pa.

A. H. F.



## PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

Wednesday, August 17, 1904. — No. 1433.

**NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.**—The contents of PUCK are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

### NOTICE

Rejected contributions will positively NOT be returned, unless stamps are furnished.

Twenty Pages with Supplement.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Cor. Houston and Elm Sts., New York.

THE MIDSUMMER DAYS are now at the zenith of their popularity, and Mr. PUCK who has been clinging close to his urban home during the hot spell casts envious eyes in the direction of the merry-makers in the hills and by the sea. It is all very well to talk of the delights of summer in town, and to put up a smiling front in the face of the necessities which keep one toiling amid city scenes all through the heated period, but the truth is that all that talk is but the brave utterance of the man who is trying to bluff his way through discomfort and the smiling countenance is a mask that hides the bitter grimacings of envy. Those who try to tell you, ye summerers by the sea, that there is aught along Broadway that can compensate one for the loss of those heavy waves that come crashing in upon you, turning you upside down and landing



you breathless like a water-soaked bundle of drift wood upon the beach speak vain words. The man who thinks he deceives you when he assures you that he finds his hall bed-room in his uptown flat more comfortable than your seven-dollar-a-day pigeon hole in the Mountain hotel really insults you by underestimating your intelligence, and if you rise in your might and throw him to the ground so forcibly that his very bones crack with the impact, no jury of your peers in all the land will convict you of any worse a crime than justifiable assault. It is but mad pretense to claim that the pursuit of a ravening canine along the city's highways in the dog days is sport alongside of which the chase for moose and antlered deer in the Maine and Adirondack hills pales into insignificance, and the man who claims that a stroll through the malt-scented aisles of the modern roof garden under the healthless glare of the electric light is a fair substitute for a moonlight stroll along a sylvan forest path with one or a dozen summer maids of the most approved type is a fit candidate for social ostracism. PUCK in town frankly envies those whose happy lot it is to roam fancy free far afield in lane, byway and on beach, but his envy is not jealous envy, and the message he sends to them out of his municipal oven is one of hearty good will as warm as the pavement itself that warms his feet as at mid-day he wends his weary way lunchward.



JUDGE PARKER's telegram, President Roosevelt's conversion to the quiet life, the strikes and other great topics of the hour have latterly suffered an almost total eclipse in the controversy that has arisen over Bishop Potter's dedication of a model saloon in the City of New York. The fring and defense all along the line have been hot and heavy. The distinguished prelate has been scored roundly, and his friends and admirers have rushed loyally into print to the extent of miles literally of printed correspondence in aggressive justification of his unusual course. Many of the things that have been said against Doctor Potter might better have been left unsaid or at least put with that temperance of speech which the attacking party advocate in the use of strong drink. The criticism he has undergone has been altogether of too personal a

nature to be pleasing even to those who can not wholly approve of his act, and has too obviously for the most part not been slept over by the wielders of the vitriolic pen. The Bishop's record as a man of influence in Church and State is too long and too fine taken altogether to make such attacks as these upon his motives, either proper or decent, and while in this particular instance he may not have done the wisest thing, there can be little toleration for those who by one ruthless stroke of the pen would wipe out all the good that he has accomplished from the remembrance of man. We trust that the Bishop will not regard these aspersions too seriously, or in a spirit of wrath excusable in another man, perhaps, show his resentment by taking further steps to dedicate a golf links to be conducted under rigid ritualistic supervision, or a pool-room sicklied o'er with the pale cast of ecclesiasticism. His one experiment should suffice for the moment, and until that is proven by time to be either a success or a failure it is PUCK's friendly advice that he withhold his hand from other disturbing adventures.

AS FOR the saloon in question it should not give the public much anxiety. Located as it is next door to police headquarters, opposite a branch office of Mr. Hearst's *Journal and American*, under the Bishop's wing and only a block away from PUCK office, there should be little difficulty in keeping it in pretty good order.



IN VIEW of the *Herald's* architectural service to the beautiful side of New York City in the erection of its unique publication office at that point there was properly no objection to the adoption of the name "Herald Square" as a designation of the triangular space that is glorified by the Dodge Statue. Similarly the precedent once established that Longacre Square should be rechristened "Times Square" after Mr. Ochs's brilliant newspaper for the same reason is not unfitting, but we are impelled nevertheless to ask where this thing is going to end. When the *New York Journal and American* is established at the Columbus Circle is the name of that lovely space to be changed to "Sixteenth Sporting Extra Circus," with the abounding thoroughfares as far down as fifty-seventh street rechristened "Happy Hooligan Avenue," "Peewee Street," and "Knocko the Monk Boulevard"? If our good and prosperous friend Mr. Bok were to desert the classic shades of Philadelphia and erect a superb home for his interesting publication on Madison Square are we to expect this breathing spot to be renamed "Ladies' Home Journal Square," or "Mrs. Rorer's Place"? When in the natural upward trend of our publication offices the *Evening Post* becomes the leading newspaper of the Bronx is the Park thereof to be designated Growlers Common after the editorial page of this esteemed contemporary of ours? And following the principle involved to its logical conclusion is Irvington in danger of becoming Brisbenwalkerville and East Aurora Fra Magin-nisburg? PUCK asks these things not to be disagreeable but merely for information so that he may himself get aboard the band wagon before it is too late. "What Fools These Mortals Be Avenue" would be a grand name for Elm Street.



WE HAD hoped that the Campaign would be run through without personalities, but when Mr. Root castigates the Hon. Henry G. Davis on the score of his age, it looks as if bricks instead of bouquets were going to fly in high places and Senator Fairbanks's method of wearing his hair will very likely become an issue. This is unfortunate, for Mr. Davis can plead *non possum* when charged with being eighty-two years old. He can't help it—but Senator Fairbanks's choice in deserting a good, honest, doubtless nobly earned bald head for the frontal coiffure he presents for the vote of confidence of his countrymen is deliberate. As one of PUCK's sages some years ago remarked, a man can't help having a wart on the end of his nose but side-whiskers are his own fault. This would seem to be the present status of the Vice-Presidential issue with Mr. Davis's age on one side and the hyperion curl of Fairbanks on the other. Mr. Root has for once in his life spoken foolishly.

DIRECT INFORMATION from Oyster Bay is to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt has decided not to run for the Presidency. He will merely tip-toe towards it.



# ALICE IN STAGELAND



VIII.

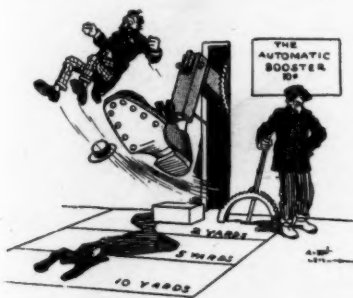
## ALICE VISITS NIGHTMARELAND.

"THAT WAS a narrow escape!" panted the Scarecrow as the party landed at the brilliant entrance to Nightmareland. "I'm all out of breath and my heart is in my mouth. Push it back inside o' me again, will you, Leo? Old Si Hopkins who built me did n't make a very finished job of it."

"Nightmareland!" exclaimed Alice, reading the electric letters over the archway before them. "That's a funny sort of name, is n't it?"

"Yep," said Pinky. "And it's a very funny sort of place too, as you will find out in a minute."

Alice did not have to wait even that brief space of time, for Pinky had barely spoken when a gruff voice, bellowing through a Megaphone, bawled out into her ear:



*Step up! Step up! Cough us up a dime.  
Get your entrance ticket and you'll have a  
bully time.*

*All the joys of Fairyland full of funny  
stunts.*

*Sixty-seven circuses going on at once.  
Little Baby railroad, the Democratic Ass,  
Also Mr. Rockefeller Junior's Bible Class  
Bathing in the Ocean; Bostock and his  
brutes;*

*Educated Elephants chuting down the  
chutes;*

*Mr. Morgan watering all his growing  
plants;*

*Russell Sage a-resting—never such a  
chance!*

*Bump the Bump and Flip the Flop, Loop the festive Loop;  
Scooting to the Dipper and a-Gooping with the Goop;  
Coasting through a Coal mine, off with Mr. Baer;  
Come and see old David B. combing out his hair;  
Visit Skibo Castle and see its owner glum  
Cutting off his coupons with his weary thumb;  
See Pompeii falling and old Pelee blowing up;  
Get aboard the Hikearound, the Heaven Scraping Scup;  
Never mind your liver, never mind your heart,  
Give yourself a solid jolt, give your blood a start;  
All aboard for Nightmareland-on-the-Briny-Deep.  
Get your tickets—lively there—don't you fall asleep.  
Continuous performance, here; going all the time.  
Step up! Step up! Cough us up a dime.*

"What a loud-voiced gentleman," Alice remarked, placing her hands over her ears to keep out the din.

"Yes," said the Scarecrow. "He's old man Thunder, the Greatest Barker in the world. He studied barking under the best masters in Paris, London and New York, and by a patent process of voice-strengthening, which is one of his secrets, he has got so that even when he whispers you can hear him five miles away. I remember once last fall, while I was spending my vacation up in the Catskills, I telegraphed old Thunder down at Atlantic City asking what steel common was selling at and twenty minutes later we were all startled to death on our hotel piazza to hear the welkin ringing with 'Ten and five-eighths.' It was old Thunder calling the figures out to me, and he kept it up too until I telegraphed him again saying that I'd heard all right. It's rather disagreeable conversing with him when you are both in the same room, but if you could sit quietly in some pleasant little drawing room off in England somewhere and chat with old Thunder, swinging idly in his hammock down around Palm Beach or over in Havana, you'd find it very delightful."

This story seemed very unlikely to Alice in spite of the very evident power of the barker's voice and she was about to express her doubts on

the subject when the Scarecrow's statement received unexpected confirmation. A big burly policeman came hurrying up to where the barker stood, on his high pulpit.

"Say, Thunder," the Policeman called up to him, "soften your voice a little. Headquarters has just received a complaint. There's a sick lady out in Kansas City who says she can't sleep for your everlasting noise."

"Tell her to move to Manila," retorted Thunder.

"I'll try to keep my voice on the continent, but I can't do any better." And he resumed his barking.

*Step up! Step up! Cough us up a dime.  
Get your entrance ticket and you'll have a bully time.  
Baby incubators full of future Presidents.  
Educated Tigers full of votes and influence.  
Funny fancy mirrors that will show you how you'd  
look*

*If somebody should give you Mr. Astor's pocket-book.  
Fortune-telling gypsies who can tell you to a cent  
How much alimony's coming for to help you pay  
the rent.*

*Sixty-seven circuses going all the while.  
Tommy Dare to tell you all about the latest style;  
Thirty correspondents bottled up in Tokio  
Telling all about the War to which they did n't go.  
Never mind your liver, come and catch a-holt,  
Give your blood a tonic and your heart a little jolt.  
All aboard for Nightmareland-on-the-Sounding Sea.  
Continuous performance—Barnum's circus on a spree.  
Get your entrance ticket, if you miss it it's a crime.  
Step up! Step up! Cough us up a dime."*

"By Jingo," said the Scarecrow, suddenly. "We're up against it again, Pinky. I have n't a dime, have you?"

"Nary," said Pinky; "but I guess they'll let us in as Professionals. We can tell 'em that we're a new act for the Show. You and I are Alice's parents and Leo is our trained King of the Beasts. We've been employed to give a performance this afternoon in which we feed our only child to the Lion to save his life."

"Good scheme," said the Scarecrow.

"That's just the sort of thing that would go in Nightmareland."

"Oh—but I don't like it," protested Alice. "I don't want to be fed to Leo—"

"That'll be all right, dear," put in Leo, kindly. "I'll swallow you very gently and without biting you more than I have to, and then when the show is over you can crawl out again. It won't be very uncomfortable, my child," he added, reassuringly. "There's plenty of room inside of me."

With this understanding the little party proceeded through the entrance and the Scarecrow after a more or less lengthy discussion with the gate-keeper succeeded in passing them all through.

"Hurrah!" cried the Scarecrow as they emerged into the great court of Nightmareland. "Now for sport. What kind of a Nightmare do you like best, Alice?"

"I'm not particular," said Alice, dubiously. "Can't say that I like any kind. The ones I've had have n't been very pleasant."

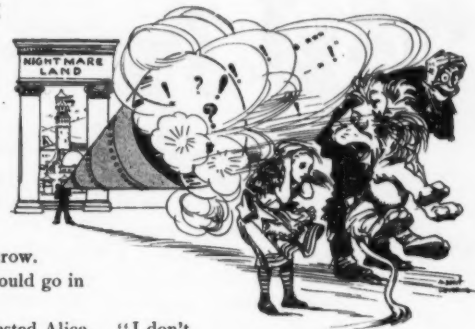
"HERE Y' ARE, HERE Y' ARE!!" came another tremendous voice, that seemed less strong than old Thunder's only because it was a trifle husky from use. "MOST REELVISTIC DELUSION OF TH' AGE. ALL F'R A DIME."

"What is his show?" asked Alice, nodding toward the speaker.

"The Steel Trust Flood," said the Scarecrow, reading the bill-board signs. "It's a terrible spectacle. When you go in you see the stockholders of the Steel Trust sitting around comfortably and happy, their children playing with radium toys that they've bought on credit in anticipation of their dividends. The sun of prosperity is shining down upon them as all unconscious of impending danger, with their shares at 49, and all the directors smiling, they live the lovely hours away. Then all of a sudden



a cloud no bigger than a man's hand rises above the horizon and casts a small shadow over the scene, as the stock barometer falls to 39%. Still the people play on. The Directors go about saying that the cloud is only mist and will soon clear away, and one or two of the happy group, encouraged by this, go out and buy a few dozen steam yachts, putting up their stock as a margin in payment. But the cloud grows larger and larger, and the Directors begin





# PUCK

to get worried when a few big rain-drops fall on the scene, and they sell their shares short to the people and get out of the wet. And so it goes until suddenly the cloud, now grown to enormous proportions, bursts directly over the heads of the people. They are filled with consternation. All is excitement. Collectors come rushing in with bills for the radium toys. The steam-yachts are attached and the stocks left on margin are sold at 18%. The stockholders in a mad scramble for protection become panic-stricken; water comes in upon them from every side and above and beneath. A roar of terror rises from every throat as the tidal wave of ruin sweeps over all, and the scene becomes black as night with nothing but the surging waters and the cries of their victims to tell you that the show is not yet over. Then quiet comes and in the distance the moon rises and discloses the once happy playground a scene of wreck and ruin, with the stock barometer down to 8%. The illusion closes with the gradual fading away of the scene of desolation into a beautiful stereopticon view of Andrew Carnegie standing on the lawn of his Skibo property grasping the hand of King Edward the Seventh and telling his Majesty that Blood is thicker than Water."

"It must be a terrible spectacle," said Alice.

"I—I don't think I want to see it."

"It beats the Johnstown Flood Show all hollow," observed the Scarecrow. "Fact is, it was so terrible they had to give it that happy ending to keep the audience from having hysterics."

"Well, I don't want to see it," said Pinky. "Things like that get on my nerves. Leo and I are going into the Barrel of Society."

"Mercy me!" cried Alice laughing.

"That sounds worse yet. What is the Barrel of Society?"

"It's a big Barrel that they fill up half and half

with common people like ourselves, and members of the 400," Pinky explained. "Then they roll it down an inclined plane that's full of thank-you-marms, that bump and jostle you all about in such a fashion that before you get to the bottom the common people and the society leaders are so mixed up together you can't tell 'em apart. You get to know some very swell people real well."

"None of that for me," said the Scarecrow. "I tried it a couple of weeks ago and it nearly ruined me. In the first place the jolting shook my head loose from my shoulders, and one of the gentlemen from the 400 insisted on smoking a cigarette all the way down, and he set fire to the excelsior stuffing of my right leg. I had to jump into the Chute pond to keep from burning up. I'd like to be in Society all right, but the pace is too hot for an inflammable temperament like mine."

"COME ALONG, NOW! COME ALONG! ALL FOR TWO NICKELS. THE FLATIRON JUMP! BABIES FREE. COME ALONG!" cried a third barker, and Alice and the Scarecrow, willing or not, were compelled to obey, for as they were talking they managed to get themselves inextricably entangled in a rushing crowd of women, children, babies and men who were surging madly about the ticket-sellers booth. In an instant, so great was the pressure from behind, they found themselves thrust bodily forward and through the gate, and before Alice knew it she had been whisked up through the air to the roof of a reproduction of the famous Flatiron Building. It was a terrible height and the little girl grew dizzy as she saw the acres of Nightmareland far below, the myriads of Nightmare seekers looking like so many families of swarming ants.

"W-what do we have t-to dud-do?" she stammered.

"Jump," said the Scarecrow. "Don't you see that's what all the others are doing?"

It was all too true. From the angled front of the skyscraper those who had preceded them were leaping out into the air as joyously as a pack of children jumping from a wagon into a hay mound. Women with babies in their arms took it as unconcernedly as they take any of the ordinary humdrum experiences of life, and nobody seemed to think anything of it, or the possible dangers of the feat any more than do those who loop the loop, or ride in the Patent Extension Bouncer.

"It gives me the shivers," said Alice.

"Of course it does," returned the Scarecrow. "That shows what a bully Nightmare it is. Don't you remember that old Mother Goose rhyme:

*"If I had a Nightmare that would n't shiver  
Do you think I would brag of it? Nit! Nay! Niver!  
I'd swap the thing off for a down at the heel  
Tired out busted old Gassymobile."*

"I remember the real rhyme well enough," replied Alice. "But I don't like jumping off the top of a Flatiron Building, and I'm not going—"

"Move on ahead there!" cried several people from behind. "Can't you see you are blocking the passage?"

"There's no turning back," whispered the Scarecrow, "and if you don't jump you'll be pushed off."

"But I don't wa—" Alice began, and then it happened. The crowd at the rear began pushing ahead and willy nilly Alice soon found herself on the very edge and jumping through space. It was indeed a Whirlwind experience, and somehow or other as she sped downwards, hand-in-hand with the Scarecrow she seemed to like it, and as they approached the solid earth her fears for her own safety disappeared entirely. But this feeling of safety was not to last.

"Catch her, Dan!" she heard in a voice that filled her soul with terror immediately beneath her. "I'll land the other."

"Great Scott," roared the Scarecrow. "This will never do. Frohmandum and Frohmandee have got a net out to catch us. Then we're done for. It's either Camille, or ten years in the Dialect Yard for ours."

"But what shall I do?" cried Alice, in dismay. "I can't stop falling."

"I have it," said the Scarecrow, whose quick wit never deserted him. "There's one of those Hot Air Ships over there, and it's sailing in our direction. I'll call to the Captain and ask him to catch us. Hi there! Air-ship Ahoy! Halloo-ooo-oooo! Captain, take us aboard will you?"

"Always ready to help anybody in distress at ten cents a help," the Captain replied, and putting on full power he shot his Air Ship under our falling friends just in time to save them from the clutches of Frohmandum and Frohmandee.

"Foiled again!" roared the twins, tearing their hair with rage. "But never mind. We'll have you yet, young lady."

"By Jingo, that was a close call," said the Scarecrow, as the Air Ship soared upward. "I thought sure they had us that time."

Alice who had not opened her eyes since her rescue, now gazed languidly around her.

"Why!" she exclaimed, joyously, as she caught sight of two figures sitting at the other end of the Air Ship, "Why, there's Pinky and Leo!"

And sure enough, there the pair stood looking up at the Heavens.

"Hullo, you!" called the Scarecrow. "Where you going?"

"To the Milky Way," replied the others. "We gave up the Barrel of Society because this chap here said he'd land us among the stars for ten cents."

"It's always been my ambition to be among the Stars you know," said Pinky.

"Mine too," put in the Scarecrow. "I want people to sing that lovely song to me:

*"Twinkle, twinkle little Star  
How I wonder who you are,  
Are you Faversham or Drew,  
Hackett or sweet Kyrie Bel-loo?  
Are you Mr. Sothern or  
Marlowe whom we all adore?  
Are you Richard Mansfield great?  
Are you in the Syndicate?  
Are you Lulu Glaser coy,  
Or that handsome Eddie Foy?  
Twinkle, twinkle little Star  
Please do tell me who you are."*



"I'd tell 'em quick enough!" the Scarecrow added:

"We go straight to 'em," said the Captain of the Air Ship, "unless you'd like to stop at the United States Libretto Trust first. Their factories are running overtime now and maybe the young lady'd like to see 'em turning out next season's comic operas."

"I'd like it above all things," said Alice.

"All right," said the Captain, and with that he turned his tiller about and in a moment the Air Ship swerved to the East,

and in a few minutes came to a standstill before the Main Factory of the Comic Opera Mill at Lyrichurst-by-the-Sea.

"Anything to get out of Nightmareland," said Alice, as she gazed back at that terrible resort, and saw the people still jumping from the Flatiron; and mothers tossing their babies through the air across the waters of the Chute Pond by means of the Infant Catapult to their fathers standing on the other side. "Somehow or other I don't think that kind of fun is good for my nerves."

# Accidental Journeys to the Home of Candidates



## III.—HOOSIER LAND.

PERHAPS IT was a spark that caused it—a spark from my pipe. If that is n't tenable, we'll say it was a match, friction, spontaneous combustion or something else. But at all events, whatever the cause, the effect was in plain sight, unmistakable, complete. The gasoline tank exploded and we, the contents of the auto, went hurtling through space.

I say 'we.' Accurately, I can speak for myself only. Gaspard, the imported chauffeur, and Keybord, my stenographer, were in front when we blew up and I have since heard that they landed among friends, who showed them every attention, but at the time of the crash, I was too much occupied with my own atmospheric flight to pay much attention to that of my companions.



One moment I was a special correspondent honk-honking through the Hoosier State to attend the August meet of the Indiana Association of Chainless Poets. The next I was a mass of wreckage, broken off from the main derelict, and stranded in a fragrant, rolling meadow, I knew not how far from the road.

Considerably bumped, but otherwise unhurt, I sat up and looked about me. It was a typically rural scene. A sunny day; filmy clouds of purest white; breezy meads and rustling woodland. Then a sudden shadow fell athwart the swaying grass, and thinking a cloud had thrown it, I naturally raised my eyes; only to lower them an instant later, when a voice at my side said mildly:

"Pardon me, but will you move a trifle, please? You are sitting on a daisy."

The shadow on the grass was excessively long and narrow. It was cast there, not by a cloud, but by a man of similar proportions, who with some degree of interest was now regarding me.

"The daisy," he repeated, as mildly as before.

"Oh, certainly," said I, leaping to my feet with alacrity. "Help yourself." He did so directly, and added another to his already large bunch of wild flowers. My curiosity was aroused. He did not look, did this man, like a farmer. Nor yet like a summer boarder. His pearl gray hat, black frock coat and striped trousers, neatly creased, precluded all possibility of his being a tramp. Therefore, he was—

"I have it!" I cried, thinking aloud before I realized it. "You are out gathering material, first hand, for a Tripleday, Gage Nature Library, Plant Personalities, or Wild Flowers I have met!"

"No," said my tall meadow-mate, while a shudder shook his frame, "No, nothing of the sort. Let the truth be known. These flowers I have plucked for the exercise involved. There is something stimulating in the stubborn resistance of the daisy and in the clinging combativeness of the wild carrot. The strenuous life, I am fully convinced, is the one best suited—"

"Oh, pshaw!" I exclaimed—rude, perhaps, as I afterward thought—

"you are only Senator Fairbanks. How stupid of me! But what you were doing way off in this meadow I give up."

"It has a peculiar fascination for me, this meadow," said the Senator, confirming with a smile my deduction as to his identity. "It is the place where they caught me."

"Where they caught you?" I questioned, incredulously.

"Exactly," he replied. "The Vice-President catchers. Right over there by that clump of elms and sycamores. Will you permit me to show you?"



## THEIR HARDEST WORK.

UNCLE JOSH.—'Most every official that amounts to anything has to file an annual report.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Yes; an' I guess that's about all some of 'em do.

So courteous a public character I had never met before, so I deemed it wise to keep my profession a secret.

"It was a June afternoon," the Senator resumed, as we reached the spreading trees. "Dusk was fast approaching—pardon the platitude, but it was—and I, hurrying along on one of my country walks—you have doubtless heard of my famous strolls—was something like 28 miles from North Meridian Street, when I came to these trees. Without a thought of danger, I plunged vigorously through the underbrush and, Snap!"—the Senator parted the bushes and showed me the exact spot, tastily marked with a granite X—"I felt the pressure of a man-trap on my ankle and knew that at last I was caught. My captors rushed upon me, shouting exultantly, and would not hear of my release till I agreed to be a candidate."

I appreciated the sacred character of the spot and held my peace. The Senator, meanwhile, walked out to the open and began uprooting whole handfuls of daisies, ragweed and cow parsnips to relieve his feelings. After mowing, say, a quarter of an acre, he returned to where I was sitting and apologized.

"Don't say a word," I remonstrated. "Though I never was caught myself, I know just how you feel. Believe me, I sympathize with you deeply."

"It is not my candidacy though that harasses me so much," the Senator said plaintively. "No, I'm about reconciled to that. It's the danger to which I am subject that worries me now."

"The danger!" I said. How could danger menace so mild and inoffensive a man?



"Yes," he continued, "the danger. It is everywhere. I am never clear of it. And on my rural rambles—I am *en route* even now for Over The Glen, my summer home at Macinac—it may leap upon me at any time, night or day."

"What is it, for mercy's sake?" I inquired.

"It's the Tomtaggart," whispered the Senator, impressively, "the Tomtaggart. Hark!!"

It was now nearly dark. The sun had set and a weird wind crooned fitfully in the elms and sycamores. Unintentionally, I shivered.

"Did you hear it just then?" the Senator asked, in accents hushed.

"There!"—and he clasped my hand in the traditional vice-like grip.

I listened. Still faint, but getting gradually louder, an unearthly cry was filling the air. In the evening stillness, the sound was harsh and most discordant, but clear enough withal to be plainly understood. Beast or bird, it seemed to me to scream:

"More votes-votes! Eat 'em up! Eat 'em up! More votes! Wow!!"

The Senator did not wait for more, but darted through the sombre woods at top speed.

"It's after me," he shrieked, "the Tomtaggart sees me."

"How do you know it'll hurt you?" I cried, catching up with him.

"How do I know?" he yelled, "did n't it grab Ben Harrison back in '88 and beat the boots off him? Right in his own district, too. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

For several seconds, I kept pace with his mad flight. Then—

"Leave me," the Senator cried, "you can do me no good. If I can—cross the Michigan line—I'll be safe tempo—rarely. The Tomtaggart'll keep to—Indiana—until September—anyway."

Thus it was, in the wilds of the Hoosier State, in the darkness of the rural night, miles away from the conclave of Chainless Poets, I stopped. The noise of the candidate crashing through the shrubbery grew less and less distinct until finally I ceased to hear it. Did the Tomtaggart get him, you naturally ask. Not that time, gentle reader. But, Ah! The dangerous weeks 'twixt now and next November!

A. H. F.

## THE KIND WE READ OF.

HIS FRIEND.—You've been forging the name of a prominent individual, eh? Who is he?

THE FORGER.—Well, I'd rather not tell you. He's one of those well-known men who prefer not to have their names used.





J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK'S MID-SUMMER OUTING





R OUTING AT HARMONY PARK.

## PUCK



### AUTHOR-HUNTING IN INDIANA.

PIERIAN SPRINGS, Ind., Aug. 15. —A number of publishers are here for a few weeks' author-hunting, and it is the general opinion among them that the shooting this season is uncommonly poor. Big game is very scarce; and even such crack shots as Colonel Harvey, Colonel Bobbs and Colonel McClure have brought but few notables out of the woods. A few years ago, as Colonel Bobbs remarked reminiscently, one could go out almost any day and bag a Best Seller.



There is no lack of small game, especially poets, who are as plentiful as chipmunks. But hunting them is about as thrilling a sport as a jack-rabbit drive in California, as Colonel Harvey observed, over a cigar, on the veranda of the Pierian Springs House. And they seem to know they are in no danger of the bag, for they roam about as freely as the lowing herds. Whistle to one and he will gambol up to you with his manuscript in his mouth, and it is next to impossible to shoo him away.

All the author hunters I talked with are agreed upon the need of a close season on authors, with stringent laws against snaring, netting and hunting with dogs. Colonel Bobbs offers the amendment that a reasonably heavy license fee be exacted of hunters from outside the state.

This morning the beaters reported that they had started up an author about eight miles east of Winona Lake, and preparations for a hunt were

instantly afoot. I accompanied Colonel Harvey, on his invitation, and for the first time participated in the excitement of an author chase.

We struck the trail about ten o'clock, and shortly after noon came upon our game while he was feeding. Unluckily we were up wind, and scenting danger he took to the woods. The pursuers strung out and circled, and presently ran the author up a tree.



"Gentlemen," said Colonel Harvey, "as there are a round dozen of us to one lone author, I suggest that we draw lots to determine which shall have the first crack at him."

This was agreed to, and fortune favored the house of McClure. The Colonel let drive with a 38-caliber Luncheon gun, but the shot went wide; and as the others fired in turn the author went higher up the tree until he perched in the very top.

Colonel Harvey, who had the last shot, got out his Twenty-per-Cent. Flat Gun and loaded it with an Advance Royalty explosive bullet.

"If this does n't fetch him," he remarked, taking aim, "we shall have to chop down the tree."

But the ax was not needed.

Following the sharp crack of the Twenty-per-Cent. the author came tumbling down from his roost, landing on his head, which immediately swelled to enormous proportions.

"Every time I fire that gun I lose money," remarked the Colonel. "But no true sportsman counts the cost of his ammunition."

"Gentlemen," said Colonel McClure, "the drinks are on me. Let us return to the hotel."

Bert Leston Taylor.



### BALLADE OF THE HOP.

THERE'S a hop at the Inn to-night;  
I suppose I'm obliged to go;  
To decline would be scarce polite—  
How I wish I could dodge it, though!  
I abhor the fantastic toe,  
And the glare of the room and the heat;  
It is all my own fault, I know—  
If I'd only gone fishing with Pete!

It is bound to be hot, all right;  
About eighty or ninety or so;  
And there'll be an abundance of light  
To effectively add to the glow;  
Frantic fans will be waved in a row,  
As we make a mad rush for a seat—  
I exaggerate matters? No, no!  
If I'd only gone fishing with Pete!

You can gamble he's happy to-night;  
Back in Maine, in his camp there,  
with Joe,  
Or some other old guide, red or white,  
Leagues away from this section of show.

I supposed *she* would be here—But no!  
She is going, she writes, to retreat  
With her mother to Scotland—Heigho!  
If I'd only gone fishing with Pete!



They're beginning, I hear them, below;  
I can hear the slip-slide of their feet—  
I'm a typical donkey, I know—  
If I'd only gone fishing with Pete!

Arthur H. Fohwell.

### OVERHEARD IN BOSTON.

WILLIE.—My father is a Chicago man.  
WALDO.—How distressing it must be to have a parent who is unable to answer your questions.

### NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

ARDENT LOVER.—It is a secret, sir, but your daughter is in love with me, and—  
MR. BONDS.—Well, don't let yourself feel any uneasiness, sir. I'm not the fellow to give her away.



### INDISPOSED.

"Gee! I been sick all de afternoon!"  
"Melaria?"  
"Worse. I been caddyng fer a couple dat's only been married a week."

**What if Providence had cast the Dantes and Michel Angelos in an age of great soaps and breakfast foods?**





#### SIGNS.

ETHEL.—He acts this way. He gazes at me tenderly, is bouyant when I am near him, pines when I neglect him. Now, what does that signify?

HER MOTHER.—That he's a mighty good actor, Ethel.

#### THE ARKANSAS NOTION.

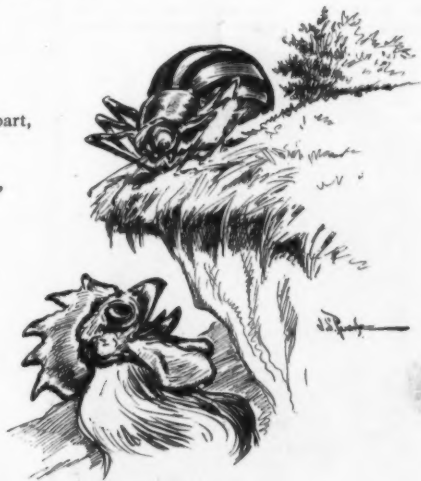
"EH-YAH!" drawled Mr. Plunk Jarlick, a prominent but moss-grown citizen of the Great Commonwealth of Arkansas. "Wife trains the children up in the way they should go, when she ain't got nothin' else to do; but I'm yere to say that it takes about all the time of a tollable smart man to complete the edjercation of a good huntin' dog."

#### À LA MODE.

"IF YOUR love for me  
Is true," said he,  
When he knew they soon would part,  
"Put this rose away  
To rest for aye  
Close to your dear young heart!"

Her face turned white  
In the pale moonlight,  
And then—alas! alack!  
She fled in haste,  
For she wore a waist  
That  
buttoned  
down  
the  
back!

Carl R. Werner.



#### CRUEL.

THE HUNGRY ROOSTER.—What a beautiful bug you are! What a sensation I should create if I had six legs!

THE HEARTLESS BUG.—Where? In a boarding-house?

#### GETTING READY.

HARRY.—Breakfast is ten minutes late.

HARRIET.—It could n't be helped, Harry; this unadulterated breakfast food is harder to analyze than that other brand.

#### LARGER QUARTERS.

MRS. GRAMERCY.—Why are you moving down town?

MRS. HARLEM FLATTE.—Because George wants to buy a full set of encyclopedias.



#### THE STATUS.

MISS BEACH.—I don't think he really cares for Miss Dollars.

MR. TROTTER.—I think he has a Platonic affection for her, but he's violently in love with her father's money.



# Evans' Ale

**Nature's Tonic  
for Weary Heads  
and Hands**

Any Dealer Anywhere Any Place.

Our Patent Covers for Filing Puck are

**SIMPLE,  
STRONG and  
EASILY**

used. They preserve the copies in perfect shape. If PUCK is worth buying, it is worth preserving. Price, 75 cents each; by mail, \$1.00. U. S. Postage Stamps taken.

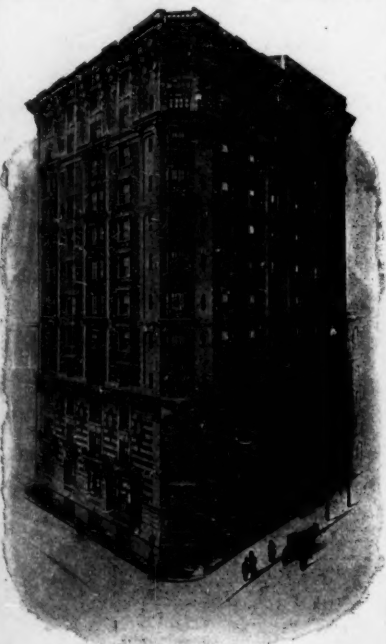
Address:

PUCK, New York.

## HOTEL SEVILLE

Madison Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet Located for Quiet and Ease. Near R. R. Stations. Crosstown Cars connecting with all Ferries pass the door.



**SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES,  
Furnished or Unfurnished.**

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;  
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

**EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.**

## Ball-Pointed Pens

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch or spurt.

Made in England of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED Pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others

**FOR EASY WRITING.**

Buy an assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., and choose a pen to suit your hand. Having found one, stick to it!

POST FREE FROM

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, New York, or any Stationery Store.

### INQUIRING INTO PRECEDENT.

"I wish I knew whether there was any sequel to that prodigal son story," said Farmer Cornstossel as he looked through the open door at the young man who was swinging in a hammock, smoking a cigarette.

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"I'd kind o' like to know whether the original prodigal son settled down, an' went to work steady, or whether he got into the habit o' making them trips once or twice a year."—*Washington Star.*



### HIS FORTE.

DOCTOR.—You owe me a bill of fifty dollars.

SLOWPAY.—Well, if I had a job I might pay you. Can't you give me a job?

DOCTOR.—What kind of a job could I give you?

SLOWPAY.—Well, you might give me the job of collecting the bill.

Put new life into the run-down system. Abbott's Angostura Bitters does it. Nothing like it to kill that "tired feeling."

### GOOD TIMES IN WHITSETT.

Old Uncle Ben Badger laid two bales of cotton on our table Wednesday last. Call again, Uncle Ben!

We return thanks to Brother Bolling for two cows, in exchange for subscription and advertising.

We acknowledge the receipt of one mule, for plowing purposes—the gift of an appreciative subscriber.

Four fat 'possums and a barbecued shoat were laid on the editor's desk yesterday. Brethren, we are here, and here to stay.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NOTICE to the young men: the girl who is always out in front sweeping the front porch as you go by; that's one kind of bait.—*Atchison Globe.*



## THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

## SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

*My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)*

AN EXTRA EDITION

—OF—

**PUCK'S DOUBLE-PAGE  
CARTOON PORTRAIT**

OF THE HON.

**Alton Brooks Parker**

IS NOW ON SALE

Price per copy, 10 cents

From any Newsdealer or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York

**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1, 1, Lebanon, Ohio

**Best Line to Chicago and the West—New York Central.**

# THE REAL NEW YORK

## WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

"An entirely accurate and likewise a very entertaining guide to all that is best worth seeing in the city . . . the metropolis is thoroughly 'done,' from the Tenderloin to Murray Hill, from Battery Place to Harlem."—N. Y. HERALD.

"A complete word-view of the great city's most interesting features. . . . The combined work of author and artist is novel and brightly attractive."—N. Y. WORLD.

"Combining the utility of Baedeker with the interest of a lively illustrated romance, 'The Real New York' is marked for popularity."—N. Y. GLOBE.



"The most important book that has ever been produced about the metropolis."—TOWN TOPICS.

"Things may be learned from it which it is worth while to know, and which are not set forth in any more accessible fashion elsewhere."—N. Y. TIMES REVIEW.

"This will be found very useful to those seeking help, and even those who think that they are pretty well acquainted will find interesting reading in descriptions of places that are the landmarks of the city and the haunts of the serious and the cynical."—N. Y. TELEGRAM.

Over 100 Original Drawings. 480 Pages, 24 Pages in Color.  
\$1.50 Net. SMART SET PUB. CO., 452 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

### DOING WELL WITHOUT IT.

"Have you had brain fag yet?" young Furbish asked the rising author.

"No," replied the latter. "Just at present I don't need the advertising."  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### SIGNS OF GENIUS.

"I reckon John must have been cut out fer one o' these here geniuses that writes for the magazines," said the old man.

"What makes you think so?"

"Can't make money enough to git his hair cut, an' would rather watch a star than dig a well!"—*Washington Star*.



### THE EFFECT OF HIS ELOQUENCE.

"Doan' yo' remembah de sermon I done preached las' Sunday?"

"Sure! Dat am why we ain't gwine ter chu'ch dis Sunday."

### AN ARCTIC BONANZA.

RACHEL.—That famous explorer has gone off for the North Pole again.

BECKY.—Yes; I believe he's found it, and won't let on. —*Detroit Free Press*.

### SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

### IN THE WALTZ.

"Don't be afraid of the slippery floor, Miss Gushley. I will support you."

"Oh, Mr. Fledgely, this is so sudden!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### A SOCIALIST.

"Your wife is something of a socialist, is n't she?"

"I should say so," answered Mr. Meekton, absent-mindedly. "Our church never thinks of giving a social unless she runs it."—*Washington Star*.

SOMETIMES it happens that a man is so cross around home that there is as much excitement when he smiles as there was when he smiled when he was a month-old baby.—*Atchison Globe*.

Why *Miller* Brews

## "THE BEST" Milwaukee Beer

*Because* they purchase the best materials obtainable in the world's market.

*Because* they employ the most capable and skilled masters in the art of brewing.

*Because* their plant is fitted out with all the latest improvements and machinery known to the brewing world.

*Because* of their unexcelled method of cleanliness their beer is noted for its absolute purity.

### Fifty Years of Experience.

Why not secure a sample and have your physician pass on the quality?

We invite comparison, because we want you to know that

Miller Brews

## "The Best" Milwaukee Beer

MILLER BREWING CO., Milwaukee, U.S.A.

## In Vacation Time...

Readers of PUCK may have the paper mailed to them for 40 cents a month, postage prepaid. Addresses will be changed as often as desired. Orders may be sent through your newsdealer or direct to

The Publishers of  
**PUCK** . .  
Puck Building  
New York



# In the "Climb to the Clouds" Contest

Mt. Washington, White Mountains, July 11-12, the event for cars costing from \$1,000 to \$1,800 was won by a

# Columbia

## Light Gasolene Tonneau

Mark XLIII.

## Made by Electric Vehicle Co.

The winning car carried full touring equipment, including tonneau body, and had no special gearing or extra hill climbing devices of any kind. It was in every respect a regular stock model, **Price \$1,750** such as we are delivering daily to purchasers.

Catalogue of Columbia Gasolene and Electric Pleasure Autos will be sent on request; also special catalogues of Electric Town Carriages and Electric Commercial Vehicles.

New York Salesrooms: 134-136-138 West 39th St.  
(Op. Metropolitan Opera House.)  
Chicago Salesrooms: 1412 Michigan Ave.  
Boston Salesrooms: 74-78 Stanhope St.

## Electric Vehicle Co.

HARTFORD,  
CONN.

Members Association  
Licensed Automobile  
Manufacturers.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

DIPLOMAT.—Why do the Chinese call us 'foreign devils'?

ESCAPED MISSIONARY.—To distinguish us from the domestic variety.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### HER MANLY TRAIT.

MRS. HIX.—Mrs. Juno strikes me as being entirely too masculine for a woman.

MRS. DIX.—Yes, indeed. Why, every time she has an ache or pain she makes as much fuss about it as a man would.—*The Columbus Dispatch.*

### AT LAST!

"What does you think will come ter de po' man in Paradise?"

"W'y, he'll des crawl in thoo some crack in de fence, an' be thankful ter res' under de shade er de trees!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### EXTREMES.

"The youth who tackles politics —"

It was a schemer cold who spoke,

"Will find e'er through with all its tricks

He's either getting rich or broke."—*Washington Star.*

QUALITY AND PURITY MAKE IT THE  
FAVORITE CHAMPAGNE

## COOK'S

EXTRA DRY  
CHAMPAGNE

SERVED EVERYWHERE

TAKE

## Puck's Quarterly

WITH YOU

## On Your Outing

No. 34, just issued, is a veritable mine of wit and humor, with over

## 200 Illustrations

Price, 25 cents per copy.

All Newsdealers, or by mail from the publishers on receipt of price.

Address,

PUCK, New York.



### HIS INTERPRETATION.

LITTLE AMZI (who has an inquiring mind).—Uncle Tim, — I saw the word in the newspaper—what is the "curriculum" of a college?

UNCLE TIMROD (promptly).—Curriculum, eh? Why, that's what them 'ere mop-headed college students comb their hair with.

### AN ADEPT.

"I think I'll learn book-keeping," he said.

"Oh!" replied the man who had lent him one six months before, "you need n't waste any time doing that."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

### DOUBTFUL HONOR.

LITTLE WILLIE.—Say, pa, what is an empty title?

PA.—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.—*The Columbus Dispatch.*

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.  
A. SANTALLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, FLA.  
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

## HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, New York.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

### DESPERATE.

"Miss Oldham says she would never marry a man to reform him."

"Oh, pshaw! She'd even marry a man to cook for him."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

HOWEVER old Ann was, she must be at least two years older now.—*Somerville Journal.*





# THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF TRAVEL AND EDUCATION

Every issue of the magazine is beautifully illustrated and contains one hundred and fifty-two or more pages, each one of which is of human interest.

The scope and character of the magazine are indicated by each month's Table of Contents which approximates:

A dozen articles upon the Places, Peoples and Objects of all countries, with Nature-Studies, and other articles upon topics of general value and interest.

Four or five readable "Little Histories."

A number of poems that contain something more than a rhyme.

An Editorial Department devoted to "The World's Progress."

A couple of pages of "Vest Pocket Confidences" — in a minor key.

A department of special interest to the traveling millions.

Two or three pages of miscellaneous items "From the Field of Fact."

A "table" of Book Reviews.

Two pages devoted to current New York theatrical doings, treated in a brief "what and where" way.

And enough crisp and humorous briefs, edited by the scissors, to create many a laugh.

In short, each issue of the FOUR-TRACK NEWS contains a fifty-cent assortment of good things for five cents, every article being fully illustrated by the finest half-tones that can be made.

Subscriptions for the balance of 1904 and for 1905 will be received up to December 31st, 1904, at the rate of 50 cents a year; foreign countries \$1.00. At news stand: 5 cents a copy.

Commencing January 1st, 1905, the subscription price will be \$1.00 per year; foreign countries \$1.50. At news stands 10 cents per copy.

GEORGE H. DANIELS, Publisher

Room 154, 7 East 42d Street, New York

# BUNNER'S Short Stories

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER READING.



## SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.  
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. —N., P. & S.-Bulletin.

## Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. —Detroit Free Press.

## More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." —Boston Times.

## The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. —Boston Times.

Five Volumes, in paper, - \$2.50

" " in Cloth, - 5.00

or separately as follows:

Per Volume, in Paper, - \$0.50

" " in Cloth, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address:

PUCK, New York.

CONTINUOUS.

NELL.—Yes, he actually had the impudence to kiss me.

BELLE.—The idea! Of course, you were indignant?

NELL.—Oh, yes. Every time.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WHERE IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

"What's Lightly doing?"

"He's on the stage."

"Why, he knows nothing whatever of dramatic art."

"No. He's in musical comedy."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

FOR YOUR  
STOMACH.  
NERVES and BRAIN  
SMOKE  
**NO-NICO**  
TRADE MARK  
Mildest CIGARS Made.

## Tobacco Made Harmless

Under U. S. Patented Process No. 172707. Recommended by the medical profession for convalescents and smokers who suffer from weak heart, stomach or throat troubles.

The usual effects of Nicotine made innocuous without disturbing the fragrance, aroma or quality of the tobacco.

For young smokers No-Nico Cigars are preferable to cigarettes.

LARGE SIZE, \$8.50 & \$7 per 100  
SMALL " \$4.50 per 100.

Sold at Ferries, News Stands, Drug-Stores, Clubs, Hotels and dealers generally.

THE INTER-STATE CIGAR CO.,  
89 Chambers St., New York.

Also AUSTIN NICHOLS & CO.,  
61 Hudson St., New York.

## CAMP-MEETING MEDLEY.

UNUP on de ol' camp-groun'

De weeds am wet en clingin';

Ox-cyahts rumblin' up en down—

Service bell am ringin'.

Fro de trees de hymns resoun',

De eahly choir am singin';

Parson in his long white gown—

See his ahms a-swingin'.

Oh me! Oh my!

Glohy ringin' to de sky!

But Ah mus' eat befoh Ah pray—

Breakfas' den religion Ah say.

Noonday on de ol' camp-groun',

Cum on yo' lazy sinneh;

Ef de narreh paff yo' 's nebbeh foun'

Den cum es a beginneh.

Aunt Hannah bakes dem biscuit brown

En cuts de bacon thinneth;

De deacons dey strut roun' en roun'

En sniff de chicken dinneh.

Oh me! Oh my!

Glohy ringin' to de sky!

De mo' yo' sing to de glohy light

De biggeh gits yo' appetite.

Sundown on de ol' camp-groun'—

Heah de night win' sighin';

Brac owl hoot in a mounhful soun'—

Stah't de chillun cryin'.

Dey say ol' Satan cums aroun'

Long when de day am dyin';

Yo' heah his chains move up en down—

Oh, lawd, is det him flyin'?

Oh me! Oh my!

Glohy ringin' to de sky;

But Ah 's skeehed to deff when Satan cum roun'

Afteh dahk on de ol' camp-groun'!

Victor A. Hermann.

## Why it is Best



## Hunter Baltimore Rye

has challenged the markets of the world to show a better whiskey than itself in maturity, purity, quality, flavor. As none better is shown it remains the best.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

A MAN's last complaint is that he is sick and old.—*Atchison Globe.*

## TALKING PARROTS

Genuine hand-raised

Mexican Double  
Yellow Heads

"The Human Talker."

The only kind known to learn to talk like a person. Imitates the human voice to perfection. Learns long sentences never forgets a word.

YOUNG, TAME NESTBIRDS \$10

during July and August, only \$5.00

Cheaper grades of Parrots from \$3.50 up.

Sent any distance in the U. S. with perfect safety. Cash or C.O.D. Each Parrot sold with a written guarantee to talk.

Wausau, Wis., April 4, 1904.

My D. Y. H. Parrot is not a year old and says nearly everything. He is worth \$100 to me, and then I would not sell him for that.—GEO. S. JOHNSTON.

Write for booklet on Parrots and Testimonials. It is free; also large illustrated catalog.

GEISLER'S BIRDSTORE, Dept. 31, Est'd 1888, Omaha, Neb.



WHEN a man worries over his debts, his creditors know he is all right.—*Atchison Globe.*

## Delightful Sea Trip

ON ELEGANT NEW  
PASSENGER STEAMERS

"Comus" and "Proteus"

OF THE

## Southern Pacific

BETWEEN

New York and New Orleans

Leave New York

Every Wednesday at Noon

FIVE DAYS ON PEACEFUL WATERS

For all information address any

Southern Pacific Agent, as follows:

Boston, 170 Washington St., Philadelphia, 636 Chestnut St.  
New York, 340 Broadway, Baltimore, 210 No. Charles St.  
New York, 1 Broadway, Syracuse, 199 So. Franklin St.





# ALICE IN STAGELAND

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



## THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON

### *Alice in Stageland*

By John Kendrick Bangs

Editor of PUCK

ALICE IN STAGELAND, Mr. Bangs's amusing burlesque on the stage, now running in PUCK, is increasing in interest from week to week, each installment being eagerly awaited by the admirers of the "Scarecrow," the "Sizzling Suder Man," the "Pineroodle," the "Pink Pajama Girl" and the other whimsical characters.

*The New York Dramatic Mirror, an authority, says: "Mr. Bangs's humor is at its liveliest in his new serial, 'Alice in Stageland.'"*

ALICE IN STAGELAND began in The Fourth-of-July PUCK. Back numbers with the complete story will be included in all yearly subscriptions received previous to Sept. 15th, 1904, at

**\$5.00 per year**

Address PUCK, Puck Building, New York





Write for  
Booklet

---

**BLUE LABEL**  
TRADE MARK  
**TOMATO KETCHUP**

**SOUPS - 20 Varieties**  
**Canned Fruits and Vegetables**  
**CURTICE BROTHERS CO.,**  
**ROCHESTER, N.Y.**